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THE ADDRESS OF
SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.,
ON DISTRIBUTING PREMIUMS TO THE
STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
ON THE 10TH DECEMBER, 1839.

THE proceedings of the evening commenced soon after nine o'clock; there were about five hundred students in the room. The members and associates of the Academy were seated at either side of the President's chair, and within the arena were several distinguished visitors. The President having taken the chair, addressed the assembly:—

"Gentlemen,—before I proceed to distribute the prizes which are this evening to be adjudged, I desire to make a few observations, addressed more particularly to the students who have been engaged in the present competition. On former occasions I have been compelled to speak in the language of reproof, at the absence of that laudable ambition and honourable emulation, of which we have had to complain in some of the schools of the Academy. I am happy now to acknowledge that I have no grounds for censure; the candidates have, this year, not only been numerous, but they have given evidence of industry and zeal in their studies, and of an earnest desire to avail themselves of the means of improvement presented to them within these walls, such as cannot but redound to their own credit, and afford satisfaction to this institution. The Academy claims for itself the right of withholding the prizes, if they have not been deserved; but upon this occasion there has been no cause for exercising the right. They will be distributed; and I rejoice to state, in every instance, to candidates who have justly merited them. In the class of Historical Painting, in that of Sculpture (in which I regret the competitors have not been numerous), in that of Architecture—and to those who have contended as copyists—in the painting school, the students have been so successful, that the only difficulty the judges have had to encounter, has been, to know "how to place the winner;" those who did not actually reach the goal have not been distanced in the race. The Royal Academy is therefore satisfied, gentlemen, with the zeal, industry, and

talent, you have displayed in the competition. I refer more particularly to the exertions that have been made in the School of the Antique; and in doing so I desire to express my deep regret at the continued illness of the distinguished artist who has so ably superintended that department—an illness aggravated, if not occasioned, by the zealous and unremitting labour with which he discharged his duties; ready, at all times and under all circumstances, to sacrifice his time, his talents, and, alas! his health, in the service of this institution. That his services have been most valuable the Academy have been anxious to acknowledge; but his liberal spirit would admit of no tribute of respect and gratitude beyond the ordinary and inadequate remuneration attached to his office. Let it be remembered also, that the sacrifice of self-interest was, during a period, when though gifted with the highest powers, he was himself uncheered by the smiles of patronage or public favour. I wish I could express a hope that this excellent man and accomplished artist was likely to be restored to the profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament, and to this institution, which, from the time he became a member up to the present day, has so highly, because so justly, appreciated his merits.

The President then proceeded to call upon each of the successful candidates to advance to the chair and receive the premium allotted to him, addressing to each—"Sir, I have much pleasure in presenting to you this reward of your talents."

The following premiums were, thus, distributed:—

To Mr William Edward Frost, for the best Historical Painting, the Gold Medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr Thomas Earle, for the best Historical Model, the Gold Medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr Edward Falkener, for the best Architectural Design, the Gold Medal and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr Henry Le Jeune, for the best Copy made in the Painting School, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr Richard Dadd, for the next best Copy made in the Painting School, the Silver Medal.

To Mr Thomas Pitts, for the best Drawing from the Life, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr Thomas Reaphy, for the next best Drawing from the Life, the Silver Medal.

The third Medal for a Drawing from the Life, was awarded to Mr Henry Le Jeune, but he having received last year a superior prize in the same class, it was

adjudged to the next best, the work of Mr Richard Dadd.

To Mr John Henry Foley, for the best Model from the Life, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr Charles Crookford, for the best Drawings of the University, Pall Mall West, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr Thomas Hayter Lewis, for the next best Drawings of the University Club House, Pall Mall West, the Silver Medal.

To Mr Frederic Stacpoole, for the best Drawing from the Antique, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry and Fuseli.

To Mr Abraham Solomon, for the next best Drawing from the Antique, the Silver Medal.

To Mr James Price, for the next best Drawing from the Antique, the Silver Medal.

To Mr Joseph Edwards, for the best Model from the Antique, the Silver Medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry and Fuseli.

To Mr Henry Cardwell, for the next best Model from the Antique, the Silver Medal.

After which the President addressed a discourse to the students.

Gentlemen,—In the various observations which I have had occasion to offer to your attention from this place, I have been always anxious to avoid encroaching on the province of the regular professors. It is their privilege to instruct you in the general principles of our art, to trace them to their foundation in the works of nature, and unfold to your view, in a clear and systematic process, those results of theory and practice by which excellence has heretofore been most successfully attained. They deal with the arts on a broad scale; their precepts are directed to the development of general truths, uninfluenced by local considerations, and applicable to all times and all countries.

The task which I propose to myself is of an humbler character. I venture to touch only on questions which result from the prejudices of local taste, and consider not so much the principles of the art as the peculiarities of the school.

Originating in the strong ascendancy of superior power, a fashion of art prevails in every school, which, notwithstanding such deviations as the arbitrary direction of individual talent must necessarily create, rarely fails to mark the general character of its productions. Thus the Roman or Florentine, the Venetian, the German, the Flemish, the French, the Dutch, and the English schools, have each their distinctive stamp. Whatever varieties the species may present, the generic character is the same; whatever

may be the subject, the mode of treatment at once announces to the artist and the connoisseur the school in which the work has been produced.

Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele were the great leaders who directed the energies of Roman art to those higher efforts of taste upon which the claim of that school to precedence so justly rests.

Seduced by the fascinations of colouring, which they displayed in such perfection, the Venetian pencil followed in the gorgeous track of Titian, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese.

The Germans have never been able to free themselves entirely from the shackles of Albert Durer and Holbein.

The French appear to be the only people amongst whom the genius of their most eminent artists has failed to establish the usual ascendancy of superior minds. The greatest of all landscape painters was a Frenchman. One might have supposed that his fame would have given a direction to the talents of his countrymen, and led them to pursue a course which his success and celebrity had made a track of glory. Yet, if we except Vernet, Claude has had no follower in the French school, and has exercised, generally, so little influence on their taste in his department of the arts, that there is, perhaps, no highly civilized country in which representations of rural scenery have been less popular or less successful.

Nor was the genius of Nicolo Poussin more influential in deciding the taste of his countrymen, even in that more ambitious department of art which might be thought most congenial to their national character. His plain, pure, and classic taste made no impression on those who were to be captivated by the bravura vigour of Le Brun, and the blandishments of Bouchet and Watteau. Le Sueur, indeed, if he had lived, might have been a worthy successor, and have justified the title of the French Raffaele, which has been sometimes bestowed upon him. But Claude and the Poussins have so little in common with their countrymen in art, that they are almost always classed amongst the artists of the Italian schools.

Among the Flemings, every pencil moves under the spell of their great magician, Rubens. His powers have established an undisputed sway, and as they have borne down all competition, so have they compelled all to imitation. Some giant of genius must arise to break the enchantment before the Flemish school can be rescued from the gorgeous fascinations of his style.

In the Dutch school we find another necromancer waving his wand with resistless influence over all the circles of art. The pencil of Rembrandt is a talisman that gives a charm to everything it touches. He presents you with a magic mirror in which the meanest objects become picturesque, deformity seems dignified, and vulgarity itself assumes a grace.

In the subjects of familiar life, Ostade and Teniers have fixed the character of their country's art; and however the affectation of taste may attempt to depreciate their merits, their followers will achieve no ordinary reputation if they can approach the same standard of excellence. But although they preserve the die, and circu-

late a similar coin, the metal is not of the same value.

To the honour of the Dutch school, however, it must be acknowledged that in what they have attempted they have succeeded. If they have not aimed so high as their more ambitious rivals in the field of art, they have at least hit their mark, and in their best examples have arrived so near to perfection, that we may reasonably doubt if greater excellence will ever be attained. In all those departments of the Art which aspire not to epic elevation or historic dignity, they have just claims to our admiration, and have combined every merit which can consist with the absence of beauty and grace.

It is extraordinary, too, that amongst a people usually considered to be the least rural and romantic of all civilized states, and who inhabit a country which boasts few of the grand and picturesque features of Nature, Landscape-painting should have flourished in so eminent a degree. Yet Cuyp, Hobbins, and Ruysdael have shown what genius can effect with the most meagre and unpromising materials.

Of all the communities of Art which have originated in modern times, the British School appears to have been the latest formed. The plants of taste have but recently taken root amongst us; but it must be confessed that the rapidity and vigour of their growth have made amends for the tardiness of their introduction, and disproved the theories of those who maintained that our soil was ungenial, and our atmosphere unfavourable to their cultivation.

From a variety of causes, religious and political rather than physical or local, the English mind remained long insensible to the charm of the Fine Arts; and though some of our Sovereigns, both of the Tudor and of the Stuart lines, were aware of the influence of those powerful agents of civilization, and, from policy as well as taste, were desirous to promote a feeling in their favour, yet little progress was made towards their naturalization. They were still exotics in the garden, and no promising shoots appeared to spring from the imported stock.

Holbein, invited from Germany, and so long employed by Henry the Eighth and the principal persons of his court, gave no effective impulse to native talent, and failed to diffuse the influence of his taste beyond the circle of his immediate patrons. Even the more vigorous powers of Rubens and Vanduyck made little generative impression on a people too much involved in civil and religious contentions to interest themselves in the pursuits of peace.

"Yet still bold Britons foreign Arts despised,
And kept unconquered and uncivilized."

Although the works of Vanduyck in particular were for many years the admiration of all who had any pretensions to taste, they communicated no decisive character to British Art, and formed no disciples who can claim more than that second-rate celebrity which attaches to the names of Dobson, Riley, and Old Stone.

New stimulants, however, were still applied to the torpid mass of domestic mediocrity, by successive importations of eminent artists from the continent. But though Lely, Kneller, and Vanloo each triumphed in his turn, and was the great leader of taste in his day, they were still less successful than their

predecessors in calling forth the dormant genius of our country, and left no traces of their influence beyond the frigid imitations of Jervas, Richardson and Hudson. Amongst the feeble productions of these artists, and others of less note, nothing had hitherto appeared which gave any indication of original powers, or could be considered as justly claiming the character of English Art.

The efforts of native talent were considered vain and hopeless. Wherever the decorative powers of taste were required, foreigners were employed; and in all our palaces and public halls,

"There sprawled the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

In short, a universal impression prevailed, not only amongst foreigners, but amongst all who assumed the character of the enlightened classes of our own country, that Englishmen were deficient in the refined sensibility of organization which is essential to the attainment of excellence in the Fine Arts, and that however our connoisseurs might rejoice in the inspirations of taste, our artists could not hope to participate with them in the enjoyment of that divine faculty.

The time, however, now approached which was to put to shame these absurd prejudices, and remove the brand of Boetian dulness which foreign arrogance and home-bred affectation had conspired to fix upon the land of heroes, poets, and philosophers.

At a period when the deepest gloom appeared to settle "on the horizon round," and all was "darkness visible" in the regions of *virtu*, a constellation arose, glowing in native fires, which quickly dispelled the dense obscurity that had so long prevailed, and cleared the face of nature to our eyes. Reynolds, Hogarth, Barry, Wilson, Gainsborough, successfully asserted the rights of British genius. Our American colonies, too, preferred their kindred claim, and West and Copley brought effectual aid in the competition with our continental rivals.

But it was more especially reserved for Reynolds to exercise the resistless influence of superior genius, and set his mark upon his age. For him it was reserved effectually to awaken the long dormant energies of his country, to stamp on her art a peculiar character, and constitute himself the Founder of the British School.

Notwithstanding that the merits of his contemporaries were conspicuous and acknowledged, they cannot be said to dispute with Reynolds the right to this proud distinction. Their art was not generative; it did not possess that character of fascination which commands involuntary homage, which excites enthusiasm, subdues criticism, and enforces imitation. There is no trace of Hogarth to be found in the works of those who have rivalled, and, in some respects, surpassed him. Wilson, though exelling in his line, made little impression on an age that had not taste or feeling to appreciate his merits. He cannot be considered as having materially influenced the practice of his profession, even in his own department, although we may perhaps recognize some reflection of his powers in the best productions of Barrett, Lambert, and Smith of Chichester.

Gainsborough, although claiming to be the rival of Reynolds, and, strange to say, sustained for some time in that pretension by the caprice of public taste, and although in a peculiar style of art which may be

termed pastoral, he manifested talents which rank him with Murillo in the representation of common life; yet Gainsborough has found few imitators, and has contributed no striking feature to the general character of British art.

The genius of Reynolds broke like a sun-beam upon the darkness of his age. He not only eclipsed all his competitors in his own province, but the light of his taste penetrated the whole atmosphere of art, and appeared to diffuse new life and vigour through the most subordinate departments of his profession. The creations of his pencil, rich, glowing, and graceful, speedily superseded the cold and formal progeny that occupied the stage when he appeared, and in a dull uniformity of feebleness seemed rather to arise from the process of a manufacture, than to spring from an emanation of genius and taste. Uniting in his style the colouring of Titian, the grace of Correggio, and the vigour of Rembrandt, harmonized and modified to his own conceptions of excellence, and rescued from the tameness of imitation by a constant reference to nature and truth, he at once excited the surprise and admiration of his contemporaries, and established an ascendancy over his profession which has long outlived him, and stamped the impression of his taste on the character of British art.

The revolution he effected was immediate and complete. A leader was found, whose authority was acknowledged by all. All were anxious to follow in his track, and from this period must be traced the origin and independence of the English school. A number of eminent artists now started forward to sustain the banner of native talent,—Opie, Northcote, Romney, Owen, and Lawrence, last and noblest of the race; each possessing and displaying peculiar and original powers, but all partaking more or less of those qualities which contributed to the celebrity of their common model.

One of the principal obstructions in the way of human improvement is the difficulty of establishing a clear and decided conviction as to *that which is defective*. To know our faults is said to be the first step towards their amendment, and in order to obtain this knowledge we should consult our enemies rather than our friends. In endeavouring to form a dispassionate judgment of our deserts, it is safer to depend on the estimate of our rivals than on our own. This test, it must be acknowledged, is always severe, and generally even unjust. The image presented to us in the glass of our competitors is rarely a flattering likeness; and although our self-love may be mortified to find our defects exaggerated, and our merits cast into shade, yet, if we are wise, while we disavow the distortion of the picture, we may derive correction from the caricature.

The most striking difference which the British school presents, when compared with its European competitors, consists in the great prevalence of portrait-painting amongst us, and the little comparative consideration bestowed on the higher departments of historic and poetic art. This peculiarity is frequently alluded to by foreigners as a reproach to us. Even the critical authorities of our own country do not hesitate to echo the censure, and in a spirit as unfriendly are ever ready to exclaim against

the mass of portraits displayed in our exhibitions.

The two powerful agents, through whose influence the arts have been so successfully promoted in other countries, have never been employed to protect or advance them here. Neglected by the State as unimportant, and rejected by the Church as profane, neither patriotism nor piety have supplied them with those stimulants which are essential to arouse the ardour of genius, and direct ambition to the nobler and more intellectual exploits of the pencil.

To the liberal spirit of a few individuals, and the adventurous speculations of trade alone, our artists have been indebted for the few opportunities they have enjoyed of exercising the powers of imagination in the higher departments of taste. Individual patronage naturally tends to portraiture—to familiar scenes, and subjects of local and personal interest. Commercial enterprise, applied to the pursuits of taste, may afford employment to the artist, but has no tendency to elevate the art. Influenced by the principle of trade, the artist becomes a mechanic; genius cannot descend to the consideration of profit and loss without losing *caste*, and the desire of fame will not long survive in the breast that is engrossed by the love of money. Yet without any adequate inducement to exertion, without a rational prospect of honour or reward; in the face, I may say, of neglect and discouragement, the British school has produced examples of excellence that may challenge competition with their more favoured rivals of the continent, even in those pursuits of taste to which they are more exclusively devoted.

But if portrait-painting be the engrossing occupation of the British pencil, it must be confessed to be a branch of art which requires no ordinary qualities. To excel in it demands the most dexterous execution; it affords the best school of colour; and in its happiest examples it displays the powers of the art in their highest perfection, not only in the faithful imitation of general nature, but in the nice discrimination of individual truth and character. The British school has long been unrivalled in this department; and it is no mean praise to take the lead in an operation of art which occupied the pencil of a Raffaele, a Titian, and a Rubens, and which formed the principal study of Rembrandt, Vandyck and Reynolds!

On this ground, the reputation of our school cannot, I conceive, be justly assailed. There are, however, some other points of attack which may not, I fear, be as successfully defended. There are qualities which foreigners state to be characteristic of British art, that, in their estimation, much detract from its merits, and impair its general reputation. The objections most generally urged against us appear to be incorrectness in design, neglect of detail, and slovenliness of execution.

Although we might perhaps dispute the jurisdiction of a court where the laws of taste, at all times vague and arbitrary, are necessarily influenced by local impressions, and differ, in principle and practice, from the conclusions of our own code, yet candour will confess that there is some justice in the accusation.

The rising race of students are, however, I trust, so fully impressed with the necessity

of acquiring a competent skill in drawing the human figure, that we may expect to see all reproach on that head removed by their increased exertions. There is reason to hope, also, that the other objections to the character of British art will be obviated by a more general and just conception of what is essential to its excellence.

With the view of contributing to facilitate this desirable result, I am prompted to submit to your consideration, gentlemen, a few remarks on some opinions which prevail respecting the finishing or completion of a picture, and which appear to me to be erroneous in principle, and likely to affect injuriously the practice of our school.

Although, amongst the productions of our most distinguished artists, we can boast of many examples of excellence entirely free from all imputation of this kind, yet I apprehend that the general character of English art is open, in some degree, to the animadversions alluded to; and it must be confessed that a judicious panegyrist of the British school would not bring forward correct drawing, minute detail, or high finish, as its peculiar and prominent merits.

The maxims upon which our school has been founded, and the successful example of its great leader, have occasioned a preference of those qualities of art which he possessed in great perfection, and which his celebrity rendered irresistibly attractive to the ambition of those who wished to follow in his track. Beauty of colour, therefore, has been more ardently studied than purity of design; while breadth of effect and spirit of execution obtain more attention than a careful detail of the parts, or an accurate completion of the whole.

To this tendency of art amongst us the predominant influence of the great artist in question has mainly contributed; and original and excellent as he is, and indebted to him as we are for almost all that is valuable in our practice, yet the style of Reynolds must always be a dangerous model for the student to follow who has not judgment to discriminate between its beauties and its defects. With the candour of a great mind, he has himself acknowledged and regretted his academical deficiency; and though, with admirable taste and consummate skill, he atoned for and often successfully concealed his defective drawing, yet, for purity of form, he cannot be taken as a safe guide. His style of execution also, though evincing a taste and science of the highest order, cannot be prudently imitated by a pencil less experienced than his own. Reynolds, like Rembrandt, in his latter period, allowed himself to relax from the accuracy of imitation which marked his earlier works. His knowledge of effect enabled him to dispense with all details that were not essential to his subject; and he aimed to give the general character, rather than the particular attributes of the object he desired to represent. This suppression of small parts in the broad grasp of the whole—a system in which genius delights to indulge, and which may be termed the essence of the grand style—I must confess, with all my admiration for Reynolds, I think be sometimes carried too far. In justification of this opinion, I would venture to adduce, as illustrative examples, the 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' the 'Macbeth,' and the

'Holy Family,' now in the National Gallery: works of great excellence in other respects, but exhibiting a vagueness, incorrectness, and indecision of form in figure, and of fold in drapery, which I conceive to be quite inconsistent with the character and completion of a finished work.

To the later productions of Gainsborough also a similar remark may, I think, be justly applied. Shaking off all the ordinary trammels of imitation in a dexterous sleight of hand, his pencil assumed a license unexampled, and rather indicated his ideas by peculiar signs than expressed them by regular forms. Examples of his seductive facility may be found in the National Gallery, and more particularly in the Dulwich collection; but his portraits of the late Duke of Norfolk, and Abel the musical composer, at Hampton Court, prove the vigour of his powers when exercised with more care and correctness.

Under the apparent sanction of these high authorities, a loose, sketchy, and scrambling style of execution has become too prevalent amongst us, which gives some ground for the imputation to which I have alluded, and is considered by those of our competitors who have a tendency to the opposite defect as characteristic of the British school.

This peculiarity of our practice, however, I am aware is by many defended, on principle, as a quality essential to excellence,—as manifesting ease, spirit, and facility of pencilling,—as the result of a judicious sacrifice of subordinate parts to the principal,—and as affording pleasure to the spectator by leaving something to be supplied by his imagination. But though specious and plausible, these are surely dangerous maxims in a school of art. They flatter our natural indolence, encourage our disinclination to toil, and furnish a convenient excuse for negligence and imperfection. The student is easily led into error by this doctrine, which he rarely understands in its true sense. He is always more occupied with the means than the end; he feels the difficulty of managing the pencil, and is naturally pleased to see it employed with apparent facility. He attaches a delusive importance to that quality of execution called *spirit*, and becomes so enamoured of the dangerous dexterity which is the object of his ambition, that truth and nature have no charm for him, if they seem to be the result of time and toil.

To justify vagueness, negligence, or inaccuracy, on the ground that the imagination of the spectator will supply the deficiency, is to place a hazardous confidence in his indulgence, and to trust too much to his taste. It claims for the painter a privilege which belongs more properly to the poet, and which in him is a result of his necessity rather than of his choice. Ideas communicated by words are necessarily more or less vague and undefined. The most poetical description of beauty or grace must depend for its impression on the mind of the reader, and the conception of those qualities which his fancy, according to its cultivation and refinement, enables him to form. But the beauties of a Venus by Titian, or the Iphigenia by Reynolds, are not in any manner dependent on the spectator. They are palpable, positive and defined. There is nothing shadowy or unsubstantial, to which

the assistance of the beholder is required to give force and body. The poet, by his description, calls up an image in our mind, the nature of which depends almost as much upon ourselves as upon him;—the painter presents us with a mirror where an image is reflected in the creation of which we have had no share, and over which our imagination has no control. When Milton, in his description of Death, says—

"What seemed its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on,"

there is no definite idea expressed; everything is vague and obscure. It is not a head, but "*what seemed a head*;" it is not a crown, but "*the likeness of a kingly crown*." The grandeur of the images depends upon the "*darkness visible*" in which they are enshrouded; but the degree of sublimity rests with the reader, and no two persons, perhaps, would receive exactly the same impression from the passage. The powerful and imaginative pencil of Fuseli has fixed and defined these shadows of the poet, and preserved as much of their obscurity as is consistent with the nature of his art; but he leaves you no room to exercise your fancy; you are bound by his conceptions; and though you may object to his interpretation, you can neither amend nor alter it. Vagueness and obscurity, as sources of the sublime, must be cautiously employed in our art, which can operate only through the medium of form more or less defined. But the painter who, by negligence or incompletion, calls on the imagination of the spectator to supply his deficiencies, will fail in his appeal; for the dissatisfied critic will rarely finish his picture to his advantage.

The great leader of our school, who has left no topic of taste untouched or unilluminated by the light of his genius, makes the following observations on this subject:

"We cannot," he says on this occasion, "recommend an indeterminate manner or vague ideas of any kind in a complete and finished picture. This notion, therefore, of leaving anything to the imagination, opposes a very fixed and indispensable rule in our art, that everything shall be carefully and distinctly expressed, as if the painter knew with correctness and precision the exact form and character of whatever is introduced into the picture. This is what with us is called science and learning, which must not be sacrificed and given up for an uncertain and doubtful beauty which, not naturally belonging to our art, will probably be sought for without success."

In accordance with these excellent observations, I would suggest, that to imitate with accuracy and precision is the first and most useful lesson which an academy can teach. The necessity of assiduous attention and careful completion should be impressed on the student through every process of instruction. By painful detail alone can we arrive at ready execution. The habit of fidelity once established, facility will follow in due course.

In France and Germany the arts have recently received a new and powerful impulse, which appears to have set the graphic world in motion there, and to have produced a corresponding result. The liberal and enlightened policy of Bavaria has called forth efforts of the pencil in the higher department of our art which, as far as I can judge from engravings of their productions, do honour to the reviving genius of the German school. They appear, however, still to cling with Teutonic tenacity to the peculiar taste which first distinguished their ancient leaders;—the features of Albert Durer and Holbein

may still be traced in the graphic physiognomy of their successors. Sensitive, imaginative, and romantic, yet laborious, systematic, and mechanical, they appear to unite the most opposite qualities in an extraordinary combination of phlegm and fire.

From the persevering exertion of such powers, however, sustained by an enthusiasm which anticipates no difficulties, and shrinks from no toil, much may be expected, if, in the ambitious course they have taken, they do not fall into the track of that pompous tribe of imitators who caricature the lofty conceptions of Michael Angelo, who mistake inflation for grandeur, and violate nature and truth by exaggeration and extravagance.

To discover, if possible, some general principle, deduced from reason as well as experience, which might beneficially influence your practice and put you on your guard against local prejudices and peculiarities, has been the object, gentlemen, of my address to you this evening. But, in the arts, precept must always be vague and liable to misinterpretation, unless assisted and explained by example. In order, therefore, to resort to this needful aid, and illustrate more clearly than by words the kind of completion which I would venture to recommend for your adoption, let me refer you to the best works of Titian, of Correggio and Vandyck. To Titian in particular, I would, with all deference, transfer the praise which Reynolds bestows upon Rubens, as "*the best workman with his tools that ever handled a pencil*." Vandyck, also, must be esteemed an unexceptionable model for your guidance as to the completion of a picture. The portrait of Charles the First on horseback, and that of Gevartius, now in the National Gallery, present fine specimens of careful and elaborate, yet masterly imitation; although in the former the sky is defective, and in the latter, the hair is somewhat wavy and tame.

The most eminent artists of the Dutch school, if we regard the powers which they display, rather than the objects upon which they are employed, may be justly considered as affording the most perfect examples of completion which the art can boast. The works of Teniers, Ostade, and Wouvermans, in this respect will probably never be surpassed. In truth and beauty of imitation, they leave nothing to be desired. These masters, indeed, operate upon a small scale, and upon subjects whose claim to our admiration consists in the merits of their execution; but the principle which regulates their practice is not necessarily limited to size, but may be proportionately applied to works of the largest dimensions. The beautiful gradation by which, in their best works, the proper local position of every object is preserved, the admirable keeping and completion of the parts in due subordination to the general effect of the whole, these qualities of their art might be transferred with advantage to the most elevated subjects of the pencil.

To conclude, gentlemen, I cannot perhaps better express the principle which it has been the object of these remarks to recommend, than in the words of the illustrious founder of our school, who rebuked an idle excuse for negligence in what appeared an unimportant part, by this just maxim:

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well!"

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION WITH ART.

THE ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.
—The meetings for the season 1839-40 commenced on Wednesday the 4th of December. The society was established in 1828; on the 21st of February, 1839, there was an anniversary dinner to commemorate the event. During the eleven years of its existence, it has continued to interest and gratify a very large number of artists and amateurs, who are thus enabled to meet in friendly intercourse. The principal founder of the society was Henry Behnes Barlowe, a sculptor, who died in Rome about two years ago, to whose memory we have not yet had the means of rendering justice. The qualities of his mind and heart were of the highest order; a firmer friend no man ever possessed; his judgment was sound, and his integrity unimpeachable; he was fervent and sincere, generous and yet prudent; and enjoyed the rare privilege of having troops of friends, without, we believe, a single enemy. His industry and perseverance were large and in proportion to his genius. His professional abilities had been acknowledged and appreciated before he left England to school himself in Italy; and we cannot doubt that, after a few years of studious labour, he would have returned to England foremost among the leading artists of his age and country. We have long been anxious to obtain some particulars of his career in Rome, and its fatal termination; and perhaps this brief notice of so excellent a man may induce some of his associates in Italy to supply us with the materials for placing upon record a more fitting tribute to his worth.

The meeting of the artists and amateurs on the 4th was a very full one. The room in which they assemble has been decorated with considerable taste. The panels have been gracefully painted, although, perhaps, the gay colours on the wall cannot be described as beneficial to the productions of art which the members and visitors place upon the tables. The most conspicuous picture was that by Mr. S. Jones, of 'Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham': the gallant rogue and his lieutenant Little John had robbed the Sheriff, and then lured him into the green wood to dine on his own venison, off his own plate. The passage illustrated is from the old ballad.

Soon he was to supper sette
And served with sylver whyte,
And when the sherry see hes vessell,
For sorrow he might not ete.

The painting is a very clever one, and possesses much interest. The artist has evidently consulted the best authorities for the necessary accessories, and the conception and execution of the work are both highly creditable. Among the other more prominent contributions to the enjoyment of the evening were 'Kate Kearney,' a brilliant picture by the late Douglas Cooper, an engraving from which is about to appear; Bonnar's 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' several drawings of cattle by Sidney Cooper; three unfinished portraits which give promise of great excellence, by Mrs Criddle; a fine painting by Mr Herbert; several interiors of ancient English mansions, by Mr Nash; three drawings of very considerable merit, one of which, a negro sitting by the sea-shore, is of especial value, by Mr Penley; some exquisitely painted miniatures by Miss Augusta Cole, and a clever copy by her sister; a design for the library at Hillington Hall, a seat of Sir Wm. Browne Folkes, Bart., by Mr Donthorn; Denning's wonderful copy of Wilkie's incident in the life of Columbus; a series of vigorous and beautiful drawings on the Medway and in the vicinity of Rochester, by J. B. Pyne; and a portfolio of sketches by Mr E. M. Ward, gathered during a long residence in Italy; and from the same hand, a singular and painful, though powerful picture of an Italian court of justice, in which a monk and a priest are on their trials for murder. It will thus be seen that ample provision has been made for the first evening of the season; we trust that exertions will be made to sustain the interest which

cannot fail to be attached to the society, if the members will consider it the duty of each to contribute a part towards the whole.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The meetings of this society commence on the second Wednesday of January.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—It is not often that the proceedings of this society are sufficiently connected with art to allow of their insertion in our journal. Whenever, however, this is the case, we shall not fail to give our readers the advantage of it. At the first meeting of the present session, held on the 21st of the past month, William Hamilton, Esq., in the chair, the first of a series of papers was read on "some ecclesiastical buildings in Lower Normandy" by Mr Godwin, jun., F.R.S., and which would seem to fall within our province. The writer states that the *Société Française pour la Conservation des Monuments* is zealously assisting to effect the restoration of various ancient buildings in Normandy. The nave of the cathedral of Bayeux is unique as a specimen of the decorated Norman style, presenting in the spandrels of all the arches curious sculptured figures under rude canopies. Strange to say, these are omitted in two views of it published in England; nor are they mentioned in any descriptions of the cathedral which have been written by English travellers. The paper was illustrated by various sketches.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The first meeting after the vacation, was held December 2nd. Some illustrations of a staircase in Westminster, designed by Inigo Jones, having been presented, the council expressed a desire to form a collection of the works of this great artist, a desire which was immediately responded to by the meeting, several persons then present promising donations with a view to that end. Mr Britton mentioned that the Duke of Devonshire had in his possession a most interesting note-book filled with Jones's own sketches. Mr Britton spoke incidentally of the existence of a similar book of Sir James Thornhill's: the name of the present possessor of it is unknown.

T. L. Donaldson, Esq., read a paper on the life of Apollodorus the architect, illustrative of the state of Roman architecture during the reigns of Trajan and Adrian. Apollodorus was born in the first century of our era, of Greek parents. Greece had at that time lost its pre-eminence; Rome had subjugated the world, and her emperors were as anxious to render Rome famous for noble buildings as Romans had become for their valour. They therefore extended their hands to foreign artists, amongst whom Apollodorus was one of the first to avail himself of it. He quickly became a favourite of the emperor, and erected for him the Odeon, some baths, and a Forum; the latter of which was larger than any other group of buildings in Rome, and was constructed chiefly with the spoils taken in the Dacic war. The Trajan column in the Forum was of white marble, consisting of solid blocks, some of which were 12 feet by 5 feet in size. Apollodorus, either from irritability of temper or consciousness of superior powers of mind, was impatient of criticism, and on one occasion replied somewhat insultingly to a remark by Adrian on one of his buildings. This was not forgotten by the prince, and soon after he had obtained the throne, he took occasion to banish Apollodorus on a charge of peculation. Adrian then set himself to build the temple of Venus and Rome, near the *Via Sacra*, an edifice of surprising magnificence,—an account of which, when completed, he sent to Apollodorus, hoping to wring from the exiled artist some expressions of envy. So far from this, however, he received only a severe criticism, which mortified the emperor so much that he gave orders for his immediate execution!

Mr Donaldson mentioned incidentally that the column to the Emperor Alexander erected in St Petersburg, is 135 feet high, without the figure which surmounts it, and that it is constructed of blocks of marble of enormous dimensions,—one of them is no less than 84 feet by 12½ feet in size. The whole cost of this monument was 400,000*l.* sterling!

THE TALKED-OF ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Two years have now passed away, and the arrangements for rebuilding the public meeting-place of the merchants of London are not yet completed; indeed, it can hardly be said that they are even commenced. It would really seem that the notice affixed by some wag to the old *Bourse*, "to be let for 99 years, after which it would be wanted for a new Royal Exchange," might have been a serious advertisement. What are the authorities about? What are the citizens themselves thinking of? The merchants must surely be most seriously inconvenienced by the deprivation; and as to the poor tradespeople who formerly occupied its shops, and have been led to expect other similar residences, inevitable ruin is said to stare them in the face.

Immediately after rescinding the resolution, which directed Sir R. Smirke and Messrs Gwilt and Hardwick themselves to prepare a plan, the Gresham committee called upon those gentlemen to reconsider the eight selected designs, and to report which one of them they considered the most fit for execution without regard to the question whether or not any one of them was entirely advisable. This Messrs Gwilt and Hardwick declined to undertake, and the drawings were then referred to Mr George Smith, surveyor to the mercers' company, and to Mr Tite, both of whom, also in their turn it is understood, objected to the onerous and disagreeable duty. Several most stormy discussions took place in committee, one party advising one thing, one another, and ultimately Mr George Smith was directed, as their surveyor, to examine and report on the designs by Mr T. L. Donaldson, Messrs Richardson and Cockerell, and Mr Mocatta, numbered 50, 46, and 27; designs which, as our readers may see on reference to the last number of *THE ART-UNION*, were selected as the superior works of art, submitted, but were not rewarded on the ground that to execute them would in each case exceed in cost the paltry sum allotted for the purpose. The barbarians at St Petersburg have erected a column to the Emperor Alexander, the expense of which was 400,000*l.* sterling, more than double what we in our ill-judged niggardliness proposed to spend in rebuilding the chief edifice in our world-renowned city.

The principal objects of Mr Smith's inquiry are the comparative capabilities of the plans for the required purposes, the amount of rental which would be produced by each of the designs, and in each case their probable cost; to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on all of which heads he is directed to examine the several architects and report thereon. Estimates in detail are now being made at Mercers' Hall by surveyors on the part of Mr Donaldson, and Messrs Richardson and Cockerell; the three rewarded designs have been packed up and put by, the remainder returned to their several authors, and this is the state of things at the present moment. Brought thus into a nut-shell, Mr Smith's course is perfectly straightforward, and knowing his high character is a sufficient guarantee that it will be performed in a satisfactory manner. On the committee, however, a heavy degree of responsibility will rest; and should they determine their selection—as, we regret to say, it is whispered they will—solely on the ground of the *minimum* of cost and the *maximum* of rental, they will ill perform their duty to their fellow citizens and to the nation; for the erection of a public building is a national question, if philosophically considered, and will entail upon themselves obloquy and ill-feeling. The lasting influence which a noble building exercises upon the manners and feelings of a people—the exalted but nameless pleasure which falls upon the mind from the contemplation of excellence—is unfortunately too little understood and too little studied amongst us. To Mr Donaldson's design, as a pure and effective composition, selected too by the umpires as the most excellent of all the designs that were submitted, we have already accorded our warmest admiration. It is unquestionably the design which should be executed.

MR ETTY'S LECTURE ON "THE ARTS OF DESIGN."

MR ETTY has delivered a lecture in his native city, York, on "the cultivation of the arts of design, as applicable to painting, sculpture, and architecture, and also to the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country." The reputation of the accomplished artist—who is almost as remarkable for industry as for genius—and the great importance of the subject justify us in transferring a considerable portion of it to our columns from "The Yorkshireman," in which it has been published entire. It is so full of good matter, and contains so much of the writer's own "experience," communicated in a style so clear and yet so eloquent and impressive, that we regret the necessity for abridging it. The lecturer commenced by dwelling on the value of the fine arts to society at large, and on the impolicy of sacrificing them to those which are usually distinguished as "the useful"—because their utility is more immediately felt; and then proceeded to call the attention of the meeting to their importance to a country, by exerting a beneficial influence over the human mind, and by leading insensibly from a comprehension of the beautiful to a love of virtue. The whole of the introduction abounds in eloquence, it is poetry in prose, and illustrates the career of the painter by showing how closely he has studied truth and nature, by exhibiting his powers of thought and arrangement, and by manifesting a luxurious fancy no less than a commanding intellect. We must pass over all this, however, to arrive at the personal adventures and observations of the artist, and the knowledge he acquired, with how he acquired it, during his sojourn in Italy. Of Naples he says, "Of the scenes in nature which I witnessed here, two of them made some impression on me, which I will beg leave to name. I left Naples alone at eight one night, when I saw through the darkness Vesuvius was active, as they say. I arrived in about an hour at its base, procured the guide Salvatore, and began the ascent by walking the very stony road that leads by vineyards and orange trees to the hermitage. Tired with the fatiguing and rugged path, we knocked at the door, and called Father Francesco. All was still; we knocked again louder, and again called. Father Francesco looked out at the window and soon let us in, struck a light, brought out some panno, pomogio, and a bottle of *achryma Christi*. After taking some refreshment, I threw myself very much fatigued, on a hard couch, and slept. When about an hour after midnight, my guide aroused me, and we proceeded up that part of the mountain where you sink every step mid-leg deep in warm ashes and cinders, and the most steep acclivity; the guide preceded, and you reach the summit almost exhausted. Here the scene baffles description. The moon was quietly shining behind this fiery chaos, shrouded and surrounded by blue and grey clouds, while in front of her the most tremendous bursts and volleys of red-hot stones and cinders of all sizes, in most vivid combustion, were shot upwards, an awful height in the air, with the explosion of thunder or loud artillery, which seemed to come from the gulph beneath and shake the mountain under us. (A week or two after this, the part of the mountain on which we then stood was blown into the air, and the form and character of its outline entirely changed.) When I had watched these tremendous scenes as long as I liked, I descended, much more rapidly and easily than I had gone up, and in descending, the grey light of early morning dawned, and far below us we saw Naples, Portici, the Isle of Capri, Cape Misium, and the magnificent bay of Naples and of Baia, spread beneath us as in a map. I then dived into the vaults of Herculaneum, which were cold as an ice-house, and returned to Naples. The other scene was of a more tranquil character. I had been dining with a friend, who lived in a high part of the city of Naples, near the sea. It commanded a lofty bird's-eye view of the bay of Naples, flanked on the right by Giardini Reale, which runs along the bay and the Chiaia as far as the Grotto de Paolillo, and the tomb of Virgil. In these gardens, by the way, surrounded by fountains, grotto work, aloes, and acacias, stands the famous group, in white marble, of Dirce, tied by her brothers to the horns of a wild bull, full of action, animation, and beauty. In an apartment, half full of Etruscan vases, looking over this magnificent scene, we sat admiring. Evening draws on—the sun is setting—it is the vesper hour. Hark, what sweet and distant sound is that, floating o'er the rippling waves, and rising like an exhalation! It is the vesper song of the fishermen to the virgin, as they get under weigh, and spread their sails. Now the sound is heard, fainter and fainter; the boats diminish towards the horizon; their lights sparkle in the twilight, now fade in the hazy distance; and the sea breeze of evening, shaking the casements, only is heard.

After dwelling at considerable length on the beauty of the Arts of Design, the lecturer largely commented on their importance—their importance as a great engine, if rightly applied, on the mind and heart of man, in aid of religion, government, moral and social order, and the consequent well-being and happiness of the human race. To wean man from vice, win him to virtue, elevate to religion, or arouse him, like the sound of a trumpet, to deeds of valour, patriotism, or self-devotion; by efforts such as these, the art becomes the proud ally of history and of poetry, and takes its lofty station among the noblest productions of the human intellect—nourishes in noble minds 'the high resolve,' the

wish, 'to achieve something that after ages shall not let die,' less for personal ambition than for the good of mankind, the honour of their country, and the glory of God. Of such works are these of Raphael, in the Vatican, the History of the Power of the Christian Church, the Ceiling of the Capella Sistina, with consecutive subjects from the Bible, finished by the awful Last Judgment; all by Michael Angelo, of which a traveller said, its impression was so powerful he fancied he heard the trumpets of the four Archangels, and saw the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven. Such the Cartoons of Raphael in this country—such 'The Entombment of Christ,' by Raphael; 'The Transfiguration,' 'The Pietro Martyr of Titian,' 'The Santa Peronilla,' by Cyrris; 'The Paul before Agrippa in chains,' reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, till Felix trembled; 'The St Cecilia of Raphael,' 'The Descent from the Cross,' by Rubens; 'The Dead Christ,' by Spagnoletti, at Naples; 'The Nota of Correggio,' at Dresden; 'The Three Maries,' at Castle Howard; and such the varied wonders of the Venetian, Roman, and Bolognese schools, of Julia Romano, at Mantua; such 'The triumphant entry of David, with Goliath's head, into the City of his People,' by Poussin; such the subject of 'Leonidas, in the Pass of Thermopylae,' with his patriot band, stemming the tide of invasion and tyranny; 'Judith devoting herself and her safety for the deliverance of her country'; 'Joan of Arc, the saint, the heroine, and the patriot, reviving the drooping spirit of France, and delivering it from its invaders.' These are themes worthy of the epic muse; by efforts like these the spark of the divinity that glows within us is fanned into a bright and glorious flame.

But prejudice excludes us from the churches, and we are condemned to die without our benefit of clergy; or what objection could there be to the vacant spaces in our Minister transcripts, and other churches, being filled with impressive subjects from the New Testament? Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head; or from those sublime passages in St Matthew—'For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye came unto me.' If but one of the many thousand gazers, who go to stare at that glorious edifice as to a rare-show, was awakened, if but one chord was struck in any vacant heart, if but one was induced to go and do likewise, the end would, in some degree, be answered, and art would not have pleaded in vain.

How impressive, how useful in like respects, ought not the arts to become? Look at two of the many beautiful parables Christ has given us; I mean the Prodigal Son and the Wise and Foolish Virgins. How instructive to the rising generation might not ably-painted pictures and graphic illustrations of them for distribution be in series. First, his departure from his paternal mansion, the affectionate farewell of his parents; then his luxurious banqueting, his looking at the wine when it sparkles in the cup, and revelling in the basilisk smiles and blandishments of harlots. Then comes its natural consequence—misery and want in its depth; steeped in poverty to the very lips; one ray alone, like a solitary star in darkness, illumines the gloom, 'I will arise, and go to my father!' A gust of hope, and tenderness, and remorse overflows his heart; the toilsome way is conquered; he throws himself at the feet of his father, who sees him afar off, falls on his neck and kisses him. Then the wise and foolish virgins; the steadfast firmness of purpose, the tranquil movement of the procession of the five wise virgins, having their lamps burning, when the sound of the bridegroom's approach at midnight is heard, contrasted with the agitated, anxious, and distracted demeanour of those five who were found wanting illumination, and who had neglected to trim their lamps ere the door of the banquet-hall and the bridal-chamber was shut for ever.

But the noblest efforts of art are still in Rome, which some of you, no doubt, have seen and admired. A magnificent circular colonnade ushers you into the awful presence of St Peter's, you ascend the three flights of steps to its portal, lift the massive leather curtain, and you are approaching the sanctuary and tomb of St Peter, round which a thousand golden lamps burn, like the vestal fires, eternally. At first sight, perhaps, you expect it to appear larger, but it is only at first; for when you approach the bases of the columns, the statues, or monuments, you are surprised by their gigantic proportions, and are then first duly aware of its immensity. It is indeed a glorious temple; magnificent statues and twisted columns of brass, both of colossal proportions, stand under the cupola. Colossal pictures in mosaic, copied from the greatest masters so admirably as to deceive a professed artist, decorate its walls; and when the music of the mass swells the dome and mighty aisles, and when Italian sunshine lights up its golden glories, you confess its effect is unrivalled and overpowering. The Pantheon is the only perfect temple left us by the ancient world, and justly admired. Michael Angelo boasted that he would hang it in the air, and he did so.

What a magazine of art, science, and literature is the Vatican! The lecture was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and we rejoice to find that praise was not the only recompense the artist received. His cherished object was to procure the establishment in his native city of a society for the promotion of the fine arts, and that object he succeeded in accomplishing.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE Exhibition of Modern Art, connected with this Society, closed on the 30th ult. after a season highly gratifying to the public, and very favourable to art. We are happy to record the following instances of liberality in the management of this Institution, in the hope that the example will not be lost on others, and that the body of artists, as well as the public at large, will appreciate the judicious exertions of the professional and non-professional committees to give a more extended and a more popular interest to these annual displays of the works of the British school of art. We refer, first to the free and exclusive admission granted to all the Members of the Bazaar Association during the week of their late meeting at Birmingham; and secondly, to the lowering of the price of admission to sixpence through the last month, and the opening of the exhibition in the evening for the accommodation of the operatives, shopkeepers, and others who could not attend during the day. We have been furnished with the list of sales, from which it appears, that Birmingham is likely to maintain henceforth a distinguished place among the marts to which the superior artists of our country may look for a regular sale of their works. The selection of pictures by the holders of Prizes in the "SOCIETY FOR THE PURCHASE OF WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS," was the following:—'Fishing Boats on the Scheldt,' A. Vickers, (price £10) £15 10s.—'Stonebridge Park,' Thomas Baker, (price £10) £15 10s.—'Spenser's Faery Queen,' Edward Corbould, (price £10) £25 7s.—'Aix-la-Chapelle,' Wm. Oliver, (price £10) £5 14s.—'Philosopher at his Studies,' J. S. Spenser, (price £20) £21.—'Charity,' H. Pickershill, jun. (price £40) £42.—'Village of Great Hampton,' Fred. Watts, (price £5) £6 6s.—'Displaying the Cat,' W. F. Witherington, (price £10) £14 10s.—'Bridge at Fstineog,' N. W. A. Hunt, (price £5) £4 6s.—'Punk Pieces' (a pair), Wm. Duffield, (price £10) £10 10s.—'Poor Mendicants,' Richard Rothwell, (price £5) £10 5s.—'View near Lichfield,' C. Bentley, (price £10) £10.—'Crammer revoking his Recantation,' J. F. Stephenson, (price £100) £105.—'Beach Scene, with Figures,' W. Shayer, (price £30) £32.—'View of Cheddar Cliffs,' J. B. Pyne, (price £40) £42.—'The Stricken Mallard,' George Lance, (price £20) £21.—'Landscape and Cattle,' Fred. Watts, (price £1) £15 15s.—'Eel-Bucks, near Henley,' J. Sturt, (price £50) £73 10s.—'Cottages at Bulford,' H. H. Lane, (price £5) £5 5s.—'Maxtoek Priory,' H. H. Lane, (price £5) £10 10s.—'Turnberry Castle,' P. G. Ash, (price £5) £6.—'Beach Scene, with Figures,' W. Shayer, (price £5) £21. In addition to which, the following were sold during the exhibition:—'Spring,' E. T. Parrie, £37 15s.—'Lane Scene,' H. H. Lane, £21, to Mr G. V. Blunt.—'Rustic Figures,' W. Shayer, £15 15s., to Mr Briscoe.—'Landscape and Cattle,' J. Dearman, £10, to Mr W. Johnson.—'In an Embrace,' S. Cooper, £38 15s., to W. Spencer, Esq.—'Cottage Children,' Henry Smith, £4 4s., to Mr Bur.—'Rustic Scene,' Henry Smith, £10 10s., to Mr J. Edwards.—'Brace of Peasants,' H. Smith, £5 10s., to W. Spencer, Esq.—'Cottage Children,' H. Smith, £4 4s., to Mr Clark.—'Pont Neuf, Vaughan, Gloucestershire,' Edward Watson, £15 15s., to Mr P. Martin.—'Virgil's Grove,' T. Baker, £5 15s., to Wm. Scholefield, Esq.—'Dead Game,' W. M. Baker, £4 4s., to W. Matthews, Esq.—'Mountain Stream at Aber,' N. W. A. Vickers, £5 5s., to Mr James Deykin.—'Temple of Jupiter Stator,' P. H. Henshaw, £15 15s., to J. Satterfield, Esq.—'Temple of Venus,' P. H. Henshaw, £15 15s., to J. Satterfield, Esq.—'Pasture,' P. H. Henshaw, £10 10s., to J. Satterfield, Esq.—'Mont Blanc,' P. H. Henshaw, £5 5s., to Westley Richards, Esq.—'The First Lesson,' A. H. Taylor, £5 5s., to Mrs J. Biddle.—'Camellias,' Mrs Harrison, £10, to Mrs Gough.—'Cul de Sac, Colonge,' W. Oliver, £3 3s., to Mr Edward Brown.—'Richfield, Bavaria,' Harry Wilson, £4 4s., to Mr Edward Brown.—'The Swiss Leap,' A. J. Woolmer, £7 7s., to Mr Geo. Wood.—'View on the Wye,' William Fowler, £12 12s., to Mrs C. F. Jones.—'Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage,' W. Shayer, £15 15s., to Mr Parkes.—'The Petitioner,' Henry Pidding, £31, to Mr Parkes.

This account is very cheering; and more especially so in reference to additional sums that were added by the Prize-gainers to the amount of their prizes. Our correspondent adds, that "a love for pictures of sterling merit is extending among us at a tremendous ratio;" and that "artists, if they please, can make Birmingham the most liberal and most steady mart for their works in the kingdom;" but he expresses his deep regret that the society had been able to do comparatively little this year, "in consequence of their being almost deserted by masters of renown," and earnestly hopes they will hereafter contribute their best productions to the Birmingham exhibition.

THE BRISTOL EXHIBITION of the Works of Living Artists for 1839 closed on Saturday the 16th Nov. having been open exactly three months. An Art-Union, for the first time in Bristol, was also established in connection with the Bristol Society. The number of guineas subscribed was

210, which, after deducting the necessary expenses, left a surplus of 190*l.* which was divided into shares of various amounts, and distributed by lot amongst the subscribers. By this means 38 pictures, including three or four purchased in the usual way, were disposed of, and upwards of 300*l.* expended in works of art.

Pictures sold at the Exhibition of the Bristol Society of Artists, 1839:—

'Lake Wallenstall,' G. A. Frapp, £31 10*s.*—'The Bay of Naples,' W. J. Müller, £31 10*s.*—'Tinker's Cart,' C. Stedman, £31.—'Scene in the Via Mala,' G. A. Frapp, £21.—'Horton, Gloucestershire,' S. Jackson, £14 10*s.*—'Melrose Abbey,' S. C. Jones, £14 10*s.*—'Clifton Down,' S. C. Jones, £14 10*s.*—'Pair of Landscapes,' J. Stark, £12 10*s.*—'Marine piece,' J. Walter, £11 10*s.*—'Crab Catchers,' H. P. Parker, £10 10*s.*—'Temple of Theseus,' W. J. Müller, £10 10*s.*—'Temple of Jupiter,' W. J. Müller, £10 10*s.*—'Great Western,' S. Jackson, £10 10*s.*—'Monks giving Alms,' J. Fryer, £10 10*s.*—'Companion to ditto,' J. Fryer, £10 10*s.*—'Dying Greek,' J. Zeitter, £10 10*s.*—'Pair of Landscapes,' A. Vickers, £7 4*s.*—'Marine piece,' J. Walter, £5 5*s.*—'On the Lahn, near Ems,' H. Tucker, £5 5*s.*—'Windmill,' W. E. Müller, £5 5*s.*—'Conway Castle,' Copple Fielding, £5 10*s.*—'Malmesbury Abbey,' S. G. Tovey, £12 10*s.*—'Sea piece,' J. Calvert, £5 5*s.*—'Lake of Killarney,' S. C. Jones, £5 5*s.*—'The Present,' H. S. Parkman, £3 3*s.*—'Near Cashel,' H. Willis, £3 3*s.*—'Near Stapleton,' C. Branwhite, £3 3*s.*—'Interior,' M. H. Holmes, £3 3*s.*—'Moorland,' N. Branwhite, £2 2*s.*—'Old Woman,' M. H. Holmes, £2 2*s.*—'Near Godesberg,' H. Tucker, £2 2*s.*—'Kingston, Jamaica,' P. Jackson, £2 2*s.*—'Marine square, Trinidad,' P. Jackson, £2 2*s.*—'Scarbro, Tobago,' P. Jackson, £2 2*s.*—'Lanheris Lake,' P. Jackson, £2 2*s.*—'Italian Boy,' E. Harding, £2 2*s.*—'Flower Girl,' T. Lawrence, £2 2*s.*

BATH.—We were in error last month in stating that the Bath Exhibition had opened. Our mistake arose in consequence of the receipt of a catalogue marked "1839;" but which, we have since learned, was that of the exhibition which took place in that city in April last. The next exhibition—the Fourth—will open during the first week of January next.

YORK.—We rejoice to find that in this wealthy and populous city there is, at length, to be established a society for the promotion of the fine arts. At a meeting of the Provisional Committee, held on the 30th October, they proposed and passed the following resolutions, which were subsequently detailed by Professor Phillips at a public meeting.

1. That the first requisite for the promotion of the fine arts in York, is a building suitable for the exhibition of pictures and sculpture.
2. That the ancient Grange of St Mary's Abbey on the Manor Shore, inasmuch as it contains an upper and a lower room of large dimensions, which may be rendered extremely suitable for the exhibition of pictures and sculptures at a moderate cost, is very desirable for the object proposed.
3. That the restoration of that building appears for other reasons desirable, inasmuch as, though now in danger of utter ruin, it is of much antiquarian interest, and, if restored for a picture exhibition, would be available for horticultural and other useful public meetings.
4. That it is, therefore, earnestly recommended to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society to undertake the restoration of the building, provided a public subscription can be raised to defray the expense; which, in the opinion of the committee, would be without difficulty accomplished, on the understanding that for public exhibitions of pictures and sculptures, under the direction of a body of subscribers in Yorkshire, the use of the rooms shall be freely granted, without charge, except during any meeting of the British Association in York.

Professor Phillips explained that the expense of fitting up the building, which was a very eligible one, was estimated at about 500*l.*; the erection of a similar one would probably cost 3000*l.* He observed that the exhibition of paintings in the year 1826 had answered exceedingly well; and there could be no doubt of the proposed undertaking being equally successful. For this cheering prospect we are mainly indebted to Mr Etty; who, during his visit to his native city (referred to elsewhere) successfully exerted himself to rescue it from the charge of apathy in the cause, and indifference to the interests of art. From the statement of Professor Phillips, we learn that of the required 500*l.*, "a few friends" had supplied 90*l.* There are several artists in London who, as well as Mr Etty, are natives of Yorkshire; we are assured that they will be aiding and assisting to forward the laudable arrangements of the committee.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

'THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE HOLY SACRAMENT,' PAINTED BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—This is a work worthy of the highest praise. It is finely composed, painted with marvellous skill, and the subject is of exceeding interest; for, though its character may be too local, and the personages introduced into it too actual, to permit our classing the picture under the head "Historical," it exhibits a scene which cannot fail to gratify a large proportion of the nation, commemorating, as it does, an event more exciting than any our country has witnessed since Peace directed the painter of history to books, and not to real life, for fitting subjects for his pencil. At "her Coronation," her Majesty, being bound so to do by a solemn league and covenant with her subjects, received the sacrament publicly,—"in the face of the whole congregation." This ceremony was selected by Mr Leslie as worthy of art, and as an incident in the "business" of the day, of which the people would desire to preserve a fitting memorial. He has completely succeeded; the work not only sustains, but enhances his reputation, and we rejoice to find that it is to be engraved in a manner to which its high merits entitle it. As a series of portraits, its claims are not great: Mr Leslie is not a portrait painter; it is utterly impossible that he could depress his fancy so far as to copy exactly the precise objects presented to him. The real may be always improved by the imaginative; the mere representation of a person or thing very rarely satisfies; the man of genius does more than take off, as it were, the surface of that he sees; and though he is sometimes compelled to work in fetters, he is always happiest when he is free to follow the dictates of his own mind. Who does not grieve, when he examines some glorious production of the old masters, to find the shaven crown and coarse features of the priest, for whom it was painted, introduced into the manger, where the "wise men" did honour to the Virgin and her Almighty babe? Mr Leslie would have, no doubt, produced a picture of more universal interest, as a work of art, if the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and not that of Queen Victoria, had been his theme; but then it is not likely that a publisher could have been found to announce that it would be engraved "four feet long, by two feet high." The principal persons introduced into this picture are the ladies of the Court; of the gentlemen there are but few, and those, with the exception of the noblemen officially occupied, are placed in the back ground. Her Majesty is kneeling at the altar, bending her head "meekly" to hear the mission of her Master delivered to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and about to take the oath to govern "well and wisely," according to the Protestant faith, the people over whom she has been called upon to reign. Her crown, the token of her earthly glory, has been laid aside: her Prime Minister, bearing the sword of state, stands by her side; and the other leading "stars" of her kingdom are gathered around her. The picture cannot fail to be attractive; its merits are of the highest order, and the deep interest of the subject will be largely acknowledged and appreciated.

THE CORONATION.—Painted by GEORGE HAYTER.—This magnificent work—for as such it must be described—is just completed; it not only fully sustains, but essentially adds to the reputation of the accomplished painter. As a picture of the highest class it is, we venture to assert, a perfect triumph of British art. The artist has laboured incessantly, not alone upon the more important objects, but upon all its minor details; and every person introduced into the picture has been painted from the sitter upon the canvass. This is of paramount importance, for it will not only be a fitting memorial of the interesting scene, but a collection of portraits of the illustrious personages of Great Britain in the nineteenth century. The Queen has taken a personal interest in the progress of the work, and commanded that every facility should be placed at the disposal of the artist. We postpone

farther remarks upon Mr Hayter's picture until it is exhibited, which it will be almost immediately at the gallery of Messrs Hodgson and Graves, by whom it is about to be engraved in a style and of a size corresponding to its merits.

THE TOURNAMENT AT EOLINTON.—Mr Charles Heath has issued specimens of his forthcoming work. They are of a large size in lithography, from drawings by Mr Edward Corbould—"taken on the spot." We have been as much surprised as pleased at the striking and agreeable scenes gathered from a festival—unsuited to our English climate. They bring back to us the olden time of chivalry, and may be accepted as pictures which realize our imaginings of tilts in the court-yards, and balls in the baronial halls of ancient England. Our dream, it is true, is occasionally interrupted. In one of the prints, for example, the knights and dames are waltzing, a dance our prim grandmothers could not have patronized. In others, where the queen of beauty with her gallant escort descends the castle steps—where awards are hacked like hand-saws by knights armed cap-a-poe—where the queen advances to the lists—where the lord and his squire pass over a gothic bridge—and where the tilt ground is made ready for the combatants,—in these the artist has been eminently successful. As a series of prints they cannot fail to prove highly attractive; they are carefully placed on the stone, and the grouping, composition, and arrangements of the various actors in "the play" reflect the highest credit on the painter. We expected but little from the subject, and have been gratified to find it treated with so much ability, and made so highly effective.

OBITUARY.

DOUGLAS COWPER.

To have to deplore the extinguishment of a refined and elevated mind, and particularly of one just bursting into blossom, must always be a task of a most painful nature; that youth should be cut off at the moment of its ascent to eminence, cannot be regarded with indifference nor without emotions of the most distressing description, and such, alas! is the painful task we have in this number to fulfil, and its fulfilment excites in us the deepest and most sincere regret. Poor Douglas Cowper has ceased to breathe; he yielded up in Guernsey, in the midst of his family, on the 28th of November, at the early age of twenty-two years, that life which was first given him at Gibraltar, on the 30th May, 1817, where his father was established as a merchant, and from whence he retired, through severe illness, with his family, to the island of Guernsey. Douglas, the subject of this memoir, was the youngest of three sons, and from his earliest years entertained a feeling and displayed some talent for drawing, and particularly for painting; he consequently chose the profession of an artist in preference to another, and—what may perhaps appear extraordinary—almost before he had ever seen a picture, for in this island, where he passed the greater portion of his short life, few works of art were to be found; but those he could procure he copied. His family were however very averse to his choice of the profession, but he still mildly persisted, for nothing could damp his ardour, and after copying all the pictures he could get, he attempted at the age of twelve a portrait in water-colours, which was very clever; and at the age of sixteen commenced in oil without scarcely knowing how to mix the colours; however he set off for London on his 17th birthday, and became, after some preliminary lessons in drawing of Mr Sass, a student in the Royal Academy, where he continued to prosecute his favourite studies with perhaps more perseverance than his health permitted without impairing it, and he ultimately became a victim to that dreadful disease consumption—that insatiable tyrant, that frustrates utterly the uses of experience, and secures the victim it attacks. His progress at the Academy was so great that, after having been four months in the painting school, he most gloriously gained the first silver medal and three volumes

of Lectures awarded for the best copy. The subject was N. Poussin's 'Rinaldo and Armida' from Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata' in the Dulwich gallery; his competitors were far behind him, and were amazed at the extraordinary exactitude of his attempt, for it was his first; indeed, his powers in colouring, the writer will be bold enough to say, were not to be surpassed by any living artist, however high his standing; and there can be no doubt, had he but lived he would have been one of the brightest ornaments in the world of art; even in his attempts in poetry genius can be seen. He continued portrait-painting, much against his inclination, by visits in the country from time to time, and prosecuted his favourite study, in London, of historical and fancy subjects; but it was not until the early part of the present year that his pictures were so eagerly sought after. His works are not many, and the few he painted are scattered amongst almost as many owners: every subject he attempted had all the life, and truth and poetry of life, which an exquisite skill, a happy facility of invention, and a warm imagination could possibly bestow on it. His taste was delicate as his mind was amiable, and he was endowed by nature with all those delightful and necessary qualifications which would have procured him the highest honours in his profession. The writer of the present notice cannot but most sincerely and affectionately lament his fate, for he knew him to be a man of virtue, and a possessor of all those qualities and kindly feelings which rivetted him firmly in the hearts of all with whom he was acquainted. His principal and latest works, and those indeed which gave immediate hopes of future greatness, were exhibited in the British Institution, the Royal Academy and British Artists in the present year, and the impression they made is in the recollection of all; and so pleased were the academicians with those in their gallery, that the president, Sir M. A. Shee, addressed a most complimentary letter to him in the name of the whole Academy, inclosing at the same time an admission for him previous to the opening to retouch or varnish his pictures, an honour unasked and unexpected by that diffident and accomplished young artist. His picture of 'A Scene from the Taming of the Shrew' was purchased by T. H. Hope, Esq., from the British Institution. The artist has illustrated that part where Lucretio, in disguise, is making love to Bianca; they are seated on a sofa, and Hortensio is behind tuning his violin. Lucretio has the book in his hand, and is looking in Bianca's face. The arch expression of the lady is admirably expressed, and her lover is endeavouring to read her looks: our memory tells us it was deliciously painted, and was a work of great merit.

His 'Othello relating his Adventures' is his largest work, and is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and, like the former one, describes a portion of the play not represented on the stage. We remember the picture well—both the composition and the painting, and we never recollect having seen an Othello so historically nor so poetically true;—no thick lips—no curly negro's hair, but a Moor as he was, and one of noble bearing—oh, it was admirable! We congratulate these gentlemen in possessing these works. His 'Kate Kearney,' exhibited in the Royal Academy, is by far the best painted of his works, as far as painting goes; and for the subject, it being a single figure, it is most admirably conceived; we remember the position was both elegant and graceful, reclining in an attitude perfectly fascinating; the arms and hands foreshortened most marvellously, and then the shining hair, the dress, and the veil across her shoulders, produced as poetical and pictorial an effect as it was possible for colours and pencil to produce. This picture is the property of W. J. Smith, Esq., and we hear it is in the engraver's hands, and will soon be published; the public will therefore have the advantage of possessing a copy of this beautiful work at least as a memento of this accomplished young man. His 'Merry Mood' and

'Sleep' are exquisitely painted, and were purchased by a brother artist from the British Artists, as was also his 'Aged Captive' and 'An Old Head'; his 'Capuchin Friar' is also in private hands. To show how often genius is unknown to the possessor, and what little confidence he placed in his own talents, that he, contrary to the advice of his friends, sold some of his works, before exhibiting them, with little advantage to himself, fearing they could not command a place upon the 'line.' A small picture of his, which gave great promise, was in the Academy in 1838; the subject from the play of the Merchant of Venice. This was purchased by Mr Sass, who gained a prize in the Art-Union, and who, we presume, would not disown the artist as a pupil. At about the beginning of last May an incipient cough appeared, but which was regarded by him as an ordinary cough, but a friend who looked with great suspicion at it, prevailed upon him to accompany him to a physician, and the medicines prescribed gradually relieved him. He however shortly after visited his family at Guernsey, where, by bad advice, and the improper use of strong medicines, he became so enfeebled as to render a journey to the south of France quite necessary to restore his strength, and where alas! the fangs of that destroying angel now showed with what subtilty he had struck his victim. He was accompanied by an amiable and accomplished sister, whose cares and affection to her withering brother must now be a source of happy consolation to her; indeed, the anguish of his parents and his family cannot be imbibed by the reflection that his untimely end was owing to neglect. It was at Tours that their abode was fixed, and from an introduction to a physician, a Scotch gentleman, the subject of this memoir derived great benefit, and whose goodness and attention to the sufferer prove he must have possessed the kindlier feelings of humanity. Poor Cowper, however, did not progress as his adviser could have wished, and he recommended him to winter in Italy, which he had determined doing, but he suddenly grew weaker, and it was decided that he should return by short stages to Guernsey. His brief passage through this world is nearly told. He arrived at his paternal home a remnant of himself, and borne up by better hopes than this world offers, he waited with a truly Christian resignation for what we must all meet. He was constantly surrounded by his family, and received the occasional visits of a friend or two who crossed the sea to give and to receive one last adieu. He now gradually sunk under this horrible disease, perfectly resigned, and with no wish to prolong his days, he yielded up his breath without a pang, perfectly happy. His departure hence was but "a gentle waiting to immortal life," and to his family and friends the consolation must be great indeed, if consolation there can be in death, to know that this most amiable of beings died in happiness.

CHIT CHAT.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 10th December the General Assembly of the Academy appointed officers for the ensuing year. Sir M. A. Shee was unanimously re-elected President.—Council: John Peter Deering, Esq.; Sir Robert Smirke, Edwin Landseer, and Richard Cook, Esqs.—Visitors in the Life Academy: E. H. Bailey, A. Cooper, C. L. Eastlake, Clarkson Stanfield, Esqs., and Sir David Wilkie.—Visitors in the School of Painting: C. R. Leslie, C. L. Eastlake, C. Stanfield, and T. Uwins, Esqs.—Auditors re-elected: W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, Esqs., and Sir Richard Westmacott.

PROFESSORSHIP OF PAINTING.—In a former number we expressed a hope "that we might live to see professors of painting established in both Universities;" matters seem drawing towards "a consummation, so devoutly to be wished," sooner than we could have calculated upon. Every reader is acquainted with the bequest of the Fitzwilliam collection to Cambridge, and the progress made in

the building; but few perhaps are aware that 100,000*l.* was left to the University of Oxford by Michael Angelo Taylor, to build a picture gallery and lecture rooms connected with science and art. A dispute having arisen between his relatives and the trustees respecting the will, the latter, rather than risk a suit in Chancery, have agreed to take seventy-five thousand, and have begun clearing the foundation for the building. They have removed the old houses at the corner of Beaumont street, St Giles's, nearly opposite St John's College, which is the most central they could meet with. This will place the education of our young aristocracy upon a proper vantage ground, and while they have an opportunity of contemplating early fine works of art, enable them in after life to encourage that only which is worthy of their patronage.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY.—The lectures upon anatomy as connected with the arts, delivered to the students of the Royal Academy by the professor, Joseph Henry Green, Esq., have this year been exceedingly attractive and beneficial. We shall hope to be enabled to lay some portions of them hereafter before our readers.

MR HILTON, R. A.—We lament to learn that the health of this accomplished artist and most estimable man is rapidly failing; it is probable that he will be lost to his country even before this journal is in the hands of the public. It will be the fate of Mr Hilton, like that of so many other men of mighty genius, to have his works appreciated when he has become indifferent to the recompence he will receive. His fame has long been established among all who can feel and comprehend the excellent in art; yet few who have so nearly reached perfection, and been so highly lauded by connoisseurs, have been so little understood and valued by the public at large. The withholding of "patronage"—such is the term which too often signifies nothing—from Mr Hilton, has long been a huge blot on the character of the age and country. He was a truly great man, and will leave a gap that cannot soon be filled up.

MR WILLIAM RIDER has been delivering a course of lectures on landscape painting in the north of England, having been for that purpose invited to visit the towns of Liverpool and Manchester. In both he has lectured to very large audiences; on no occasion have they amounted to less than a thousand. We understand from correspondents who have heard him, that his success has been great, and that his efforts have essentially contributed to increase a love of art in the provinces.

NAPOLEON'S COPY OF THE MUSÉE FRANÇAIS.—It has never been our fortune to inspect a more magnificent book than a copy of this most celebrated of galleries, once the property of the Emperor, and now in the hands of Messrs Hodgson and Graves. The binding is of red morocco, highly decorated with the order of the Holy Ghost and the fleur-de-lis; a still further interest is attached to this copy, for upon the fall of Napoleon it came into the hands of Louis XVIII, who erased, as far as possible, the imperial eagle which decorated the volumes when first bound, covering them with a large fleur-de-lis; but upon a careful inspection the eagle can be plainly perceived beneath.

HOGARTH'S BIBLE.—At a recent sale of books, chiefly the property of Mr Hoole, the translator of 'Ariosto,' was sold the family Bible of Hogarth. It is particularly interesting, because inscribed on the blank leaves beginning the Old and New Testaments are the births and deaths of the family, commencing with the family of Gibbons, one of which, Ann, daughter of John Gibbons, married Richard Hogarth in 1690; it notices Hogarth's marriage (in his own hand) to Jane Thornhill, the daughter to Sir James, in 1720, and contains other family notices relative to this "great teacher of mankind." The edition is one of "Bill's," of about 1615. It has been in title, and is otherwise not in the most perfect condition, yet as a relic of the illustrious painter, and a relic he no doubt highly valued, it is highly

interesting. It is destined, we understand, to be added to the extraordinary collection of the works of Hogarth formed by Mr. H. P. Standley, of Paxton place, St Neot's, a collection which contains nearly all the chief curiosities relative to the painter which have occurred for sale for many years past, and is by far the most valuable as well as extensive collection ever formed of the productions of Hogarth.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The school of painting closed on Saturday, Nov. 16. The directors liberally accorded an additional fortnight to the students to complete their copies from the works of the old masters deposited in the gallery, particularly in reference to the two splendid 'Titians' generously allowed to remain there by Lord Francis Egerton. The best copy, perhaps, was that by M. Le Jeune after 'Lazarus at the Rich Man's Door,' by Bassan, the property of the poet Rogers. The 'Titians' were most satisfactorily copied by Brocby, Riviere, Dukes, Mrs Wood, and Miss Drummond. The 'Jew Rabbi' of Rembrandt, in the collection of George Wilbraham, Esq., was skilfully copied by Mr Johnson. The copies were fewer in number than usual.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1840 (the thirty-sixth) will open on or about the 1st of February; pictures are to be received on the 13th and 14th days of January.

THE SKETCHING CLUB.—Our readers are, no doubt, aware that some years ago a sketching club was established, of which many of our leading artists are members. The plan was that they should meet at "each other's houses;" that the host of the evening should give a subject, and that the several members should make sketches of it. These sketches have now accumulated to an enormous extent, and we understand it is intended forthwith to engrave and publish a selection from them.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The committee have determined upon engraving Mr Lee's 'River Scene, Devonshire,' exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, and purchased by the gainer of the 150*l.* prize in the recent allotment. It will be executed by Mr David Lucas in mezzotint, under the eye of Mr Lee himself, and will be ready for printing off for distribution in eight months from the present time. Each subscriber of the past season will be entitled to a copy of it. Mr Lucas is already favourably known by his engravings from some of Constable's landscapes, and we have no doubt will produce a plate worthy of the society. The subscription list already presents a gratifying appearance, and we have little doubt will ultimately show as great an increase in numbers over that of last year as the last year's list did over that which preceded it. Indeed it will be somewhat disgraceful to the metropolis, bearing in mind what has been done by the Scotch societies, if this is not the case. We call upon all who are interested in the progress of the fine arts, and desire to see a taste for them spread through all classes of society, to use their exertions to enroll members of the London Art-Union. Individual endeavours may effect surprising good in a case like the present; and let them rest assured that in assisting to implant this taste they are aiding the best interests of humanity, and are entitling themselves to the warmest praise of all who wish well to their fellows.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—The foreign journals supply us with accounts of experiments in abundance, purporting to be improvements on the discovery of Daguerre. In France, Baron Séguier has invented an instrument, the object of which is to simplify the process; and M. Arago has hit upon a method of "redressing" the image, which, in the Daguerreotype, is at present reversed. In Brussels, M. Breyer has exhibited before the Academy of that city the results of proceedings, by which exact copies of engravings, drawings, and writings can be produced in seven minutes. Any sort of paper can be used for the purpose, and the preparation is merely resorted to when the operation has to be given. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the lectures on the subject delivered in London, we appear to have progressed very little in applying it to any practical

purpose; and it would seem that we have been altogether misled in regard to the simplicity of the process, which, in its earlier state, was described as so easy that any child might adopt it; so easy indeed was it considered, that the French government compensated M. Daguerre, under the impression that in no other way could his discovery be profitable to him. The very opposite would appear to be the fact. M. Daguerre has contrived to secure a patent in England, not only for the manufacture of the instrument, but for the use of it when it is made. The law of patents is complicated as well as costly; yet we greatly doubt whether his right can be maintained.

INSTITUTE OF THE ARCHITECTS OF IRELAND.—The sessions of this institute commenced on the 2d instant, agreeable to the bye-laws, being the first Monday in December. In the absence of Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, the president of the institute, Richard Morrison, Esq., vice-president, took the chair. The secretary read a very interesting and satisfactory report of the council, detailing the proceedings of the institute from its formation, by which it appeared that the progress of the institute since its establishment has realised the fondest wishes of its members. This society enumerates amongst its honorary fellows some of the principal professors and talent of the city; and there is every reason to expect, that in proportion as the nature and objects of this valuable institution become known to the country, it will be favoured by the continuance and support of all who rank amongst the enlightened lovers of the arts.

THE NELSON TESTIMONIAL.

ARE we ever to execute any description of public monument without an exhibition of meanness, or jobbery, or incompetency? Is English art ever to have fair play, and will an English public manifest desire that it should be so, and show the power of judging rightly therein? Honestly speaking, if we reasoned merely from our constantly recurring errors on this head, we should be disposed at once to answer "no." We cannot but think, however, that the present state of things have in themselves the elements of their own destruction, and that whether it be this year or whether it be the next, better times must be in store for us. Six months have now elapsed since the committee for raising a monument to the greatest of our naval heroes, selected a design for it, if design it can be called, in opposition to the loudly expressed opinion of the public; but beyond this no progress has yet been made in the undertaking, and the winter having now set in, at least two, if not three months more, must be suffered to elapse before any steps can possibly be taken. If this apparent lukewarmness in the matter proceeds from lack of funds,—if, as we hinted would be the case in the July number of our Journal, the proposed monument is so decidedly unpopular that the amount of subscriptions cannot be sufficiently increased to justify the commencement of the column, the committee really owe it to the nation that they should declare the fact to the subscribers, and take their opinion upon the best course to be pursued. We have reason to think that some of the committee themselves now think differently on the subject than they did, and would be right glad of an excuse to repudiate the column, and select some less questionable evidence of our advance in art. Some weeks ago a wooden model of one side of the pedestal of the proposed column was erected within the miniature enclosure formed in Trafalgar square, apparently for the purpose of testing the foundation, and the effect which it will have upon the adjacent buildings (the effect which all persons who have paid attention to these points knew it must have upon them) became at once apparent to the most obtuse amongst those who viewed it. The columns of the portico at the National Gallery, and in the portico of St Martin's Church, will be reduced in appearance to mere nine-pins,—indeed all the buildings around will be lowered in apparent magnitude full five and twenty per cent.; the one huge column in the centre having the same influence on the mind of the spectator as would be caused by the introduction of the figure of a man four times the ordinary height in an architectural drawing of a building made to a certain scale. Let what will be the cause of the delay which has occurred, and which it may be mentioned has given rise to numberless reports all more or less injurious to the undertaking, it is to be hoped that the committee will speedily make such a statement concerning it, and afford such assurances of their intentions to proceed, as shall fully satisfy the public mind on this head. The daily and weekly press is so constantly occupied in striving to untie the Gordian knot of party politics, that they leave us to watch over and protect the interests of art. We loudly call upon them, however, for their co-operation, and earnestly entreat their aid in labouring to remove this frightful incubus of iron.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

OUTLINES TO ILLUSTRATE A MORAL ALLEGORY, ENTITLED, 'THE FIGHT OF FREEWILL.' By RICHARD WESTMACOTT, JUN. A.R.A. and F.R.S.—JOHN MITCHELL, Publisher.

Nothing so admirable or so exquisitely beautiful as this volume has appeared before the British public since the good and great Flaxman became immortal as his works; and if we must class it below some of the glorious creations of the German masters, it is only because the artist has been less ambitious than they, and has essayed to achieve his object by grace rather than vigour, by delicacy rather than strength. The outlines are creditable to the age, and honourable to the country; more chaste conceptions, a more happily imagined subject, more accurately drawn figures, or compositions more "simply sublime," the lover of art, and the searcher after truth through it, have not examined for very many years. The story illustrated is that of a human soul transmitted to earth, where it is destined to fulfil its pilgrimage, attended by a good spirit and the spirit of evil, to whose influences it is to be subjected, but having free will to choose between them. The allegory is striking; if not altogether original, it is at least new to art, and it is worked out so as to inculcate a fine moral lesson; our only regret being that the plan is so limited in extent as to leave us perpetually longing to fill up the space necessarily left between the eight acts into which the pictured drama is divided. In the first print the soul is supposed to descend—the influencing spirits wait to receive it. The "spirits" are so much alike, that more than once we find it difficult to distinguish the good from the bad. At first we considered this a blemish; but, upon reflection, we cannot doubt that the accomplished artist so designed them to be; for in the trials to which the soul, represented as a youth, is afterwards exposed, if he could instantly distinguish the beneficial from the baneful influence, the difficulty of withstanding evil would be comparatively small, the glory of conquering it infinitely less, and consequently the moral to be deduced largely diminished. Both the influences are beautiful in form and features; the darker passions of the one are obvious; so are the gentler affections of the other; but it is easy to imagine that, as in nature, the evil will put on only its more seductive aspect to lure the object he desires to destroy. As in the famous fable of the Greeks, the beauty and the voice of the nymph are seen and heard, but the form of the monster is hidden. In the second plate the child is taught virtue by "The Book" and the lips of the mother; the good spirit triumphs; the spirit of evil lurks in the back ground, waiting its opportunity to destroy the principles, that like the seed on sandy soil, have germinated, but not yet taken root. In the third the boy is tempted—but resists the temptation—to rob a sleeping traveller, in order that he may enjoy the pleasures of the world, indicated by a distant party dancing. In the fourth, the student, under the influence of the evil spirit, "doubts" the truth of christianity; the good spirit bends mournfully at his feet, while her enemy suggests a refuge in scepticism, and inculcates the convenient and untroublesome doctrine of chance. In the fifth, the young man is attending upon and relieving the aged on the bed of death, and the good spirit rejoices that the evil spirit has not driven "charity" from his heart. In the sixth, "the influences are inactive;" Free Will is in love; and upon the contest between passion and affection depends the ascendancy of the good or evil contender for the soul. In the seventh, the result of the struggle is told less by the eager vehemence of the youth, than by the deep sadness of his protecting genius, and the confident air and attitude of her bad rival. In the eighth we have "Repentance"—"the good spirit triumphs at the restored purity of the soul, while the spirit of evil, in disappointment and despair, withdraws his baneful influence." The subject, it will be seen, is so treated as to afford no scope for powerful develop-

ment of character; the temptations to which the soul is subjected are of the less rugged and boisterous nature; the story is, indeed, chiefly told by the countenances of "the Influences," alternating between hope and fear. The work is the production of a sculptor, and not of a painter; we find, therefore, no crowded matter out of which to gather the argument; the artist tells, as it were, a simple truth, and leaves the imagination of the observer to garnish it. He has, however, told a most touching tale, giving another illustration of the book of life, and brought art once again to be aiding and assisting in the cause of virtue. We trust the series will be executed in basso relievo, for which they are peculiarly calculated, and that their great merit will be so generally appreciated as to remove from the English public the reproach so continually urged against them by foreigners,—that they prefer mere prettiness to true worth in art, and are insensible to that excellence which convinces rather than startles.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.
PART IV.—Publishers, Messrs W. and E.
FINDEN.

We rejoice to find that public appreciation of this admirable work continues to increase. It is the only one of the kind that has been issued in England deserving to be described as "National," and it would be disgraceful to the country if it lacked ample encouragement and support. Now-a-days, when publishers shrink from undertaking to publish prints in "the line manner," but for this series of Messrs Finden the art would dwindle and decay; for we are arrived at a point in our history when the higher style of engraving must owe almost its existence to the annual production of some ten or a dozen plates. We augured well of this work from its commencement; the associated engravers who undertook to issue copies of the old masters in the National Gallery would, we thought at the time, have done *wisely* to have employed their energies and talents in multiplying the productions of British artists. The failure of their plan, although to be lamented, is by no means to be wondered at; in the National Gallery there are but a few pictures calculated to touch the hearts of the many, and those selected by the society were not the best with a view to make good art popular with the crowd. The connoisseurs previously possessed copies of the more valuable; and a remunerating circulation was not, therefore, to have been expected for the work. The national purse should furnish means for carrying on a project from which vast good might arise to the nation; and we are sanguine enough to think that, if the proper course be taken, an annual grant may be obtained from the House of Commons for the encouragement of the art of engraving in Great Britain. The fourth part of Messrs Finden's work contains, as usual, three prints, large enough for framing, but not too large for the drawing-room portfolio. No. 1 is the 'Sheep-washing,'—curious, as the only landscape painted by Sir David Wilkie; it is engraved by Finden. No. 2 is the 'Battle of Trafalgar,' engraved by W. Miller, from Stanfield's painting in the great room of the United Service Club; and No. 3 is the 'Procession to the Christening,' painted by Penny Williams, and engraved by Stocks. The three are not, perhaps, so interesting as those given in former numbers. They have been engraved with considerable ability; it is, indeed, evident that Messrs Finden do not design to risk the prosperity of their undertaking by any carelessness as to the manner in which it is sent forth.

PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN PARIS, GRENT, ANTWERP, ROUEN, &c.; Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by T. SHOTTER BOYS. Publisher, T. BOYS, Golden square.

We have upon more than one occasion referred to this work in its progress, and we have not been without apprehension that the experiment would be a failure. The difficulty of so accurately "re-

gistering" the impression of the print as to work off the several tints from several stones, we believed to be almost insurmountable; and imagined that even if it were overcome the impressions would have a dull and leaden look, and be inferior to those that were tinted by hand. We rejoice to find that our fears were groundless. The work is of exceeding beauty; very vigorous also; and as "likenesses" of places delineated they have certainly never been surpassed. The new style has been christened "Chroma-lithography;" and although the artist deserves the highest praise for the ability and perseverance with which he has discharged his arduous and, at first, discouraging task, the printer, Mr Hullmandel, comes in for a large share of the applause that must follow its successful accomplishment. The prints are placed before the public precisely as they issue from the press; we have the assurance of the publisher that not "a touch was added afterwards." We must therefore consider that a great triumph has been achieved, and a new path opened to artists for multiplying the productions of the pencil, with but very little sacrifice of power, delicacy, and effect; for to the ordinary observer these prints have all the freshness, strength, and value of original drawings, and may afford quite as much gratification and information as if they had cost ten times the sum the purchaser will have to pay for them. There are no fewer than 26 subjects, and Mr Boys has evidently aimed to introduce as much variety as was possible; no two are alike; where the structures bear some resemblance to each other, he has contrived to avoid monotony by describing one of them under some peculiar influence of light, at midnight, or during a snow storm. The skies are most happily managed, and the groups of figures, characteristic at all times, are introduced with exceeding skill. We regret that this month we have so many demands upon our space as to find it impossible to notice the beautiful and valuable volume at as much length as it deserves. Our recommendation of it to all who love and can appreciate art cannot be given in terms too strong; it is worthy of the highest possible praise, not alone as an interesting and exquisite series of remarkable places connected with French history, or as an admirable collection of fine examples of excellence in design and execution, but also as achieving a conquest over difficulties, and proving of what great and good things chroma-lithography is capable. These difficulties Mr Boys has been the first to encounter; his industry and perseverance have been rewarded with entire success.

THE BELLE OF A SEASON; A POEM BY THE
COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Illustrated by
A. E. CHALON, R.A. LONGMAN and Co.,
Publishers.

This is one of Mr Charles Heath's illustrated works. Our readers will readily believe that it is "got up" with taste and elegance; that the utmost care has been bestowed upon every portion of it; and that, in especial, the business of the engraver has been well performed. No person better than Mr Charles Heath can "superintend" the publication of a beautiful book; his success in this department of the publisher has been deservedly great; but he, like other men, has his prejudices, and he will do well to conquer them. The Frenchified fripperies of Mr Chalton are going, or rather are gone, out of vogue; a purer taste is rapidly destroying the influence he once had over the public, and compensating art for the evil effects his pernicious example produced upon it. To have unmeaning faces of mere mawkish prettiness is no longer desired by our English ladies; they have learned a nobler ambition than to behold their ribbons and laces copied with miraculous accuracy, and the countenances by which they are to be recognised disguised by a mask of silliness or insipidity. There can be no doubt that Mr Chalton has been wantonly vicious, for he at times exhibits proof that he has seen and studied nature, and that in

preferring the artificial he has deliberately gone astray. Mr Chalton is most successful as an artist when he is most unlike himself. In his address to the students of the Royal Academy the President pointed out a glaring defect in one of the pictures by a great master—in which a piece of bread is painted so elaborately, and with so much effect, as to draw the eye to that from the Saviour who presents it. So it is almost invariably with Mr Chalton—you look at a portrait of a lovely and lofty aristocrat, and you see a specimen of point lace,—a picture that would be ornamental in a milliner's ware-room, but nowhere else. Although the evil is greatly diminishing, it is our duty to labour to root it out. Unhappily this volume contains many examples of a pernicious style; some of the illustrations are liable to no objection; the first, for instance, where the cottage maiden attends upon her pet bird, and where the "foreign aid of ornament" could not, in spite of the artist, be introduced. The poem is a graceful and elegant production of the Countess of Blessington; it is sufficiently generous, yet at times keenly sarcastic, and we must add altogether free from that affectation so conspicuous in the prints.

STOTHARD'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Publisher, SEELEY, Fleet street.

We could not have believed it possible to add to the high estimation in which we have always held the most graceful artist of our age and country. Yet this series has enhanced it, and so we venture to affirm it will be with all who examine it. The prints are so full of beauty; so natural, and yet so abundant in grace; so freely conceived, and so admirably composed; the figures being so faultlessly grouped, and every detail so applicable and so fitting, that we must class the collection far above any book-illustrations of our time. The volumes of old John Bunyan, so embellished, is worth a score of gaudily dressed quartos, that seem dwindled by a sense of their own worthlessness. The drawings, moreover, have been engraved as they ought to have been; it is absolutely refreshing in these days of stipple-poverty to find such men as Mitchell (where has he been for years?), Goodall, R. Graves, Sangster, Watt and Stocks, engraving book-plates, and reminding us of the great old man whose pencil was so eloquent, whose conceptions were akin to inspiration, and who has left a store of pictured lessons as great in extent as they are wonderful in wisdom. Mr Seeley has entitled himself to the gratitude of all who love art by raking up these hidden treasures and placing them where tens of thousands may learn from them.

FLOWERS OF INFANCY. By T. WOOLNOUTH. Publisher, Mr WOOLNOUTH, Lisson Grove.

We can spare Mr Woolnouth but a brief space to notice this very agreeable book. The subjects have, all of them, reference to childhood—in pains, its pleasures, its occupations, and its amusements, with the anxious mother watching over each. They are composed with considerable ability, and engraved in a style that sustains the well-earned fame of the artist. It is dedicated to the Queen, and each print is illustrated by appropriate verses.

THE YOUNG STUDENT'S DRAWING BOOK. By SAMUEL PROUT, F.S.A. Publisher, CHAS. TAYLOR.

When the author of a famous book on 'Logic,' that was accepted by 'the schools,' wrote 'Hymns for Childhood,' he doubtless foresaw, in some degree, the influence his humble yet lofty effort would have upon the future, and he was happy if he knew how greatly he was benefiting mankind. A man of genius only should work for the young; he will teach them nothing that they must afterwards labour to unlearn; all they acquire under his guidance will be useful; his study will be to incarnate truth. The student, therefore, should count only the best master. Mr Prout has been worthily

employed; these first lessons, if duly learned, will be of immense importance to the young; they will form a pure and correct taste and a sound judgment, and lay a sure and solid foundation for permanent ability hereafter. Such a book is precisely that which our juvenile students wanted; inferior drawing-masters have heretofore had to themselves the business of giving early lessons. Men of high minds and of matured experience have usually thought the task beneath them—a fatal mistake, from which has proceeded the great complaint against English artists, that in youth they are not taught correct drawing, and in after life they never acquire it. To raise a substantial and lasting structure, the groundwork must be firm and good.

VIEWS IN THE VICINITY OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, JAMAICA.—M^r LEAN, Publisher.

A very interesting series of Views describes the peculiar scenery of the most remarkable and valuable of our island colonies. They are drawn on stone by J. B. Pyne and P. Gauci, from sketches by Captain J. S. Whitty, but unfortunately they are unaccompanied by that which is indispensable in such publications—written descriptions of the scenery represented. We are the more anxious for information on the subject, because of the surpassing beauty of the objects delineated; few countries could supply so grand and graceful a mingling of land and sea, of mountain and valley; with figures more picturesque, or foliage more exquisitely beautiful.

PROGRESS OF INTemperance; a Series of Six Engravings from Original Paintings. By E. V. RIPPINGILLE, Esq.—PHILIP and EVANS, Publishers, Bristol.

ART is never better employed than in the service of virtue. Mr Rippingille is a valuable auxiliary to the Temperance Society. He has here illustrated the folly as well as the wickedness of vice, by tracing the progress of intoxication from the first thoughtless step into conviviality to the utter ruin of character. A simple but cheerful-looking swain enters the public house; next morning he pays the penalty which intemperance invariably exacts; relapses, and becomes the associate of bad men and worthless women; his family are driven from their home to shelter under hedges by the road-side; and, at last, "the Drunkard" becomes "the Robber"—and, according to the emphatic language of Scripture, "The end of that man is death."

Mr Rippingille's work contains but six prints; consequently the fall from honesty is described by transitions too rapid; it is not traced at sufficient length to exhibit the natural course downward of the wretched victim of "strong drink." It tells a sad story, however, and teaches a most impressive lesson. The engravings are rough, and give us no very high notions of the "finish" of the pictures; still they are well calculated to answer the purpose in view—to inculcate morality among the people for whose use they are chiefly designed, and within whose reach they would not have been placed if the plan of the publishers had been more costly. The prints are accompanied by "neat and appropriate" scraps of poetry, from the pen of J. Dix, Esq. author of a 'Life of Chatterton.'

OBSERVATIONS ON THE HAND-WRITING OF PHILIP MELANCHTHON. By S. LEIGH SOTHEY.

This is a very curious work; to many it will be valuable, and to all interesting. It is full of fac-similes of the hand-writing of the great church reformer, and the origin of the publication is this:—Mr Sothey, who is well known as the principal "book auctioneer" of the metropolis, was in 1835 called upon to sell the library of Dr Kloss of Frankfurt. A large number of the books submitted to him contained, as he then believed, and has now shown, marginal notes in the hand-writing of Melancthon. One volume in particular abounded with them, and Mr Sothey's object in compiling this costly and laborious work was to reconcile ap-

parent discrepancies, and to clear up many doubts that existed as to the style of the illustrious person to whom Protestants are so largely indebted for purifying religion from the dross it had acquired with time. He has also given us proofs that Melancthon was no mean artist; many of his slight sketches are vigorous and expressive; but the most striking part of the work is that which shows the amazing number of modes in which the reformer wrote his name—the two words, Philippus Melancthon, having been varied by him no fewer than sixty times. The work is, as we have said, a curious one; whether it will or will not throw any new light upon the character of the great struggler for religious freedom, it will at all events prove the amazing industry, energy, and perseverance of Mr Sothey, and his peculiar fitness for the business in which he is employed.

ALL FOUR. Drawn by W. HUNT; Engraved by T. FAIRLAND.—HODGSON and GRAVES, Publishers.

THIS is a large lithographic print of a capital drawing exhibited at the latest exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. A pair of idle boys are playing at cards before a kitchen fire: the subject is full of character. Mr Hunt is a true copyist of nature; if he sometimes seems to border upon caricature, it is only because he has a keen perception of the ludicrous, and a sharp eye to the grotesque. This picture is as true as a picture can be. Every one who has looked into rustic life has seen a score of times the originals of the urchins eager at their game—the cool triumph of the one contrasted with the depression of the other. The drawing has been skilfully copied, and the print cannot fail to be an attractive one. A few copies have been admirably coloured, so as to approximate very closely to the character and value of the painter's work.

THE ANNUALS.

Two or three of these pleasant books are still to be noticed. The prettiest of them all is

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX, the fourth volume of the series. The editor is Miss Mitford, who has obtained the assistance of some eminent writers, and whose own contributions are, of course, leading attractions. No one writes a village story more agreeably and naturally than this lady, but when her scenes are laid out of England she never succeeds. That which is true and graceful at home becomes forced and constrained abroad; she resembles the stranger in a foreign land who cannot speak the language of the people among whom he dwells, and who consequently seems awkward, and is never at ease. The principal poet of the book is Miss Barrett, who in the palmy days of poetry would have stormed the hearts of all who love it. Her compositions are amazingly vigorous and beautiful; few, like her, have been sent to enlighten our age; yet she is mixed up with the crowd, and distinguished from surrounding "little ones" only by those who can discern and appreciate veritable greatness. The embellishments of the 'Tableaux' are from the designs of J. Brown; they are tasteful and elegant, though defective in many respects as works of art. A novelty has been introduced with them. Each print is surrounded by a series of light and graceful and highly effective etchings, working out the subject of the picture in the centre. They exhibit very fertile invention, and add materially to the interest and value of the publication.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL is another of Messrs Finden's works. The engravings are highly creditable, and the subjects have been selected with due care. Many of the scenes in the gorgeous east are of singular beauty, and astonish us also by their amazing grandeur. The volume is edited by a Mr Bacon; and he has been materially assisted by Captain Meadows Taylor, the historian of 'The Thugs.' The descriptions and narratives are exciting and interesting, and the book is altogether entitled to a prominent place among a class of works in which the useful should be always blended with the agreeable.

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.—The volume for 1839 describes 'Windsor Castle and its Environs.' The letter-press is from the pen of Mr Leitch Ritchie—a gentleman who has written a score of "Tours" for Mr Charles Heath; and who has often given a new reading to the proverb,—"he who runs may write;" for the speed at which he travels is only equalled by the rapidity with which he pens down his book. He is, however, a very pleasant companion at all times and in all places; his business is not to think deeply, but rather to skim along the surface of things; he is never allowed time to ponder, and is consequently more often shallow than sound. In his writings, nevertheless, we have evidence that he desires to think justly and judge rightly; and if he were not perpetually goaded into penmanship by the printer's cry for "copy," we have no doubt he would supply us with information of a really valuable character. But no one tells a story or repeats a legend better. He has the happy art of exciting the curiosity and interesting the minds of his readers; and this, after all, is a grand qualification for a maker of annuals. The frontispiece is a pretty picture of the Queen on horseback, by Mr E. Corbould. The landscapes of J. D. Harding are exquisitely beautiful; and they have been engraved—without care to cost—in a manner worthy of the accomplished artist. We cannot say so much with regard to the fine interiors of St George's Chapel and Hall, from the drawings of F. Mackenzie. Among the engravers we perceive a new name—that of W. Watkins; he has produced a very admirable print, and is no doubt destined to take a lead in his profession. The book will prove a valuable companion to all who visit the palace of Great Britain—the palace, for it is the only one our kings and queens may be proud to acknowledge. It is not likely to deteriorate, for large sums of money are from time to time expended in improving it; and our readers are aware that a few months ago a grant was applied for and obtained of no less a sum than seventy thousand pounds, for building or repairing the stables at Windsor—an amount not so large by five thousand pounds as that which our nation consented to expend in erecting a structure yclep'd "the National Gallery."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have devoted so much space to the Address of the President of the Royal Academy (for which our readers will heartily thank us) that we are compelled to omit several articles, although they are now in type. Indeed our number was nearly made up when we obtained the valuable paper, which is this month so prominent in our pages. Thus

The letter from "Kenilworth" stands over, and a valuable communication from "Whitehaven."

An account of the recent Exhibition at Bologna, the letter respecting M. Von Scamp's Collection at Ghent, and several communications from the Provinces, are also postponed.

To our Edinburgh correspondent we shall write.

We trust that, as the several provincial exhibitions close, the secretaries will be so obliging as to forward us their communications with as little delay as possible.

We have to return our very sincere thanks to several correspondents. If we do not reply to each, it is not because we do not appreciate their kindness. For any hint we may receive, we shall be thankful, whether we conceive it right to adopt it, or to neglect it, we gladly receive all communications, the object of which may be to benefit art; and shall pay to them all our best and most prompt attention. It is not a part of our duty to adopt the sentiments or opinions to which we give publicity; and we shall not hesitate to publish those to which we are opposed, when the intention is a just and good one.

No. 3 of THE ART-UNION is reprinted, and may be obtained from the publisher, or, by order, from any news-agent.

We feel it again necessary to repeat, that THE ART-UNION is invariably ready to be delivered to subscribers by six o'clock on the morning of the 15th of each month; and that consequently the blame will rest with the news-agent if it be not delivered in reasonable time during that day.

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NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.—All Pictures and other Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale must be sent to the Gallery on Monday, the 13th, and Tuesday, the 14th, of January next, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the evening; after which time no Picture or other Work of Art will be received. Portraits and Drawings in Water-colours are inadmissible. No Picture will be received for sale that is not bona fide the property of the Artist.

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